

Gi OUR DUMB Animals

SEPT.

1968

MASSACHUSETTS
ANIMAL
REVENTION
SOCIETY
to ANIMAL
and CHILD
ABUSE
AMERICAN FILM AND
EDUCATION SOCIETY





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One dollar per year. Postage free to any part of the world. In clubs of five or more subscriptions, sixty cents each, within the United States, one dollar each in Canada or foreign countries.



MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of from 300-400 words are solicited. Articles of more than 600 words cannot be accepted. Such articles may include any subject, except cruel sports or captivity, dealing with animals, especially those with humane import. Human interest and current event items are particularly needed. Also acceptable are manuscripts dealing with oddities of animal life and natural history. All items should be accompanied by good illustrations whenever possible. Fiction is seldom used.

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VERSE about animals should be short. We suggest from four to sixteen lines.

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The Beginner

IN recent years many new faces have appeared wherever humanitarians gathered. Some manage humane societies — many others are just vitally interested in our cause. To hear some of the young executives talk, it would appear that not much remains to be solved in the humane field. A few good slogans and a well-publicized program, with plenty of "new approaches," would seem to take care of everything.

We are afraid we cannot be that complacent. What about the creatures slaughtered with unnecessary cruelty in abattoirs? What about fur-bearing animals, doomed to a slow and agonizing death by revolting traps? What about horses with nicked tails and dogs with cropped ears, so their owners will be "in style"? What about the cruel spectacle of the rodeo — of dog and cock-fighting? These references hardly skim the surface of man's cruelty toward the creatures below us.

All of these and many more problems require the combined interest of all humane societies and the members and friends who support them.

At the coming National Humane Convention, in Albany, it is to be hoped that the fundamental purposes of humane societies will not be overlooked in the discourses to take place. There are still many of the "oldtimers" around who fought and struggled and almost starved to death in making many of our societies what they are today. The experiences of these pioneers are invaluable, and beginners in the humane field could gain much by "looking to the past for guidance for the future."

E. H. H.

"Tiger" Took a Trip

THERE'S a dog in Boston right now that will think twice before he jumps into the trunk of an automobile again. And the next time he wants to go to New York, he will either walk, or maybe, take a train.

The dog in question is the pet of Patrolman James McCracken, "Tiger" by name. A neighbor of his in Brookline, tells of the incident in which Tiger was involved—an incident that might well have proved fatal to the dog.

She explained that she was preparing for a motor trip to New York and that Tiger must have jumped into the open trunk of her car without her knowing it. And when she was ready to start, she closed and locked the trunk, without noticing him, and started for New York.

Reaching the big city, she put the car in a garage and it was twenty-one days later when she called for it. There she opened the trunk and Tiger, weak and thin, but still alive, staggered out.

In the meantime, Patrolman McCracken had reported the dog missing and his fellow officers in Brookline joined him in a city-wide search, but, of course, without avail.

A day after finding Tiger in the trunk, Mr. McCracken's neighbor returned to Brookline. On the return journey, she prepared a bed for the dog and took him back with her without notifying Mr. McCracken that his pet had turned up.

On reaching home, she happened to see the patrolman in his driveway. So she pulled up beside him and asked, "Do you want to buy a dog?" and then opened the car. Tiger, still weak from his experience, crawled out. And you may be sure that the reunion was a joyful one.

It has been some weeks now since the dog came home. Its master started out by feeding it on a specially prepared diet—starting gradually—to restore the twelve pounds that Tiger lost during his imprisonment.



Patrolman James McCracken admonishes "Tiger" for choosing the wrong trunk.

Planning to Visit Boston?

FROM time to time, friends of our Society have written us that they were planning to visit Boston and asked us for names of hotels which would accept guests with dogs.

We are aware that people traveling with dogs are uncertain as to what sort of reception they will receive when registering at a hotel. Sometimes, in fact, dog owners have had to go to several hotels before finding one that would accept them with their pets.

As a service to our readers and friends we have made a survey of the prominent hotels in Greater Boston and list the following for their information.

Hotels Which Accept Dogs

Bradford
Buckminster
Fensgate

Hotels Which Accept Dogs Under Certain Circumstances

Bellevue	Avery
Bostonian	Manger
Copley-Square	Putnams
Gardner	Vendome
Hampton Court	Parker House
	Statler

The above hotels reserve the right to use their own judgment concerning each individual case.

Hotels Which Do Not Accept Dogs

Peter Bent	Minerva
Beaconsfield	Myles Standish
Braemore	Puritan
Copley-Plaza	Ritz-Carlton
Essex	Sheraton
Charlesgate	Somerset
Commander	Touraine
Kenmore	Longwood Towers
Lafayette	Riverside
Lincolnshire	Southern House
	Wellesley Inn

“Minnie Esso”

SOMETIMES cats get their names in the papers because their master or mistress dies and leaves them a lot of money. But not Minnie Esso. Minnie got her name in the paper because when she died the other day she left something to another cat.

What she left was a job which her son, "Timmie," has taken.

Since 1933 she had worked for the Standard Oil Development company laboratories of Bayonne, N. J., keeping their laboratory free of mice. She started at \$3.30 a month but was raised to \$4.40 in recent years.

Minnie died at the ripe old age of 13 years, after mothering more than 100 kittens in her lifetime. She taught them all the tricks of the trade and they are all good mousers. But best of them all was Timmie, who now draws the \$4.40 a month.

—June P. Hancock

OUR DUMB ANIMALS



Animals

and

Justice



By MARCIA AUDREY GARDEN

UP until 1688, a book devoted to animal trials and published by Gaspard Bailly of Chambery, France, was relied upon as a handy reference for courts conducting such trials. It contained a complete account of indictments, pleadings and all manner of legal technicalities used by defense lawyers.

Trials for dumb animals held as murder suspects and accused of other crimes were given all the solemnity conferred upon human criminals by the courts of Europe right up until the last century. But these cases were often handled in a most brutal way, and only the sadistic minded enjoyed the spectacle of dumb animals on trial.

A miraculous image of St. Pancrace was owned by the church of Châtens in the Jorat Hill district of France. When in 1364, a pig was accused of killing a child, the image was brought forth and prayers said over the child until life was restored to it. Whether the child was actually dead or merely unconscious before the restoration ceremony is not verified, but the pig was cited for murder and summoned to appear before the Bishop of the Court of Lausanne. The animal was convicted of wilful murder and sentenced to die.

On September 5, 1370, three pigs were held responsible for the death of a swineherd's son, and the entire herd was arrested. The owner of the swine pleaded the case before the Duke of Burgundy and so impressed that dignitary, that only the original three pigs were found guilty and given the death sentence despite the fact that "the others had seen the death of the boy without defending him."

Philip the Bold sentenced two herds of swine to execution because they were accomplices to the murder of an infant at Saint Marcel-lez-Jussey, nine years later. In September of 1379, a friar, Humbert de Pontiers, intervened for the pigs and won a pardon for them.

One of the more bizarre court cases involving a pig took place in Falaise, France, in 1386. This unfortunate animal was on trial for its life; accused of trampling a baby. The whole town was on hand to witness the trial, and amid the loud cheers of the crowds, the pig was sentenced to be hanged on the public gibbet until dead. For some inexplicable reason, the court ordered that the pig be dressed in man's clothing before meeting its death.

In Moisy, France, during 1313, a bull gored a man to death and was brought to court charged with the murder. In short order, it was convicted and sentenced to die on the gibbet. Parliament was appealed to and a rule was made that the bull had been tried in a court without authority although the proceedings were legal enough. While an appeal was in process, the bull was placed behind bars along with human prisoners as was customary in such trials.

In a case where a bear was accused of ravaging Schwartzwald villages in 1499, much controversy resulted. The bear's lawyer, it seems, insisted that the jury be composed of the animal's peers. Due to bitter arguments, the trial was delayed and it is not known whether the bear was ever convicted.

In 1389, the court at Dijon condemned and executed a horse for murder. A similar trial was conducted at the same court in 1639 with the same results for the prisoner. The highest judicial tribunal of Aix, France, ordered a mare to be burned at the stake for the killing of a man in 1694.

The Parliament of Paris in 1546 gave considerable thought on whether cows could be legally guilty of murder, and many reports were drafted and presented by sub-committees. The cow responsible for all this was finally brought before the assembly's chief magistrate. The animal was the subject of long wrangling and much argument. After the discord died down, the cow was deemed guilty of its alleged crime and put to death.



Ready to set out for the bank.

Dog Bank Messenger

ALL right, 'Glo-Glo.' At these words a golden brown Cocker Spaniel who, with his master has been waiting at the curb for a lull in the fast-passing traffic, seizes in his teeth the bank book stuffed with checks and bills, proffered by his master, and warily padding across the street enters the bank. Inside, avoiding playful attempts of those he meets to relieve him of his burden, Glo-Glo trots past the first window, past the second, straight to the third. Up on his hind legs, he "hands" the book to the teller and drops down to await his turn. At the call "Ready Glo-Glo," up he jumps, snatches the bank book in his teeth, trots out to the curb where he watches for the signal from his master on the opposite side. Crossing at the words "All right, Glo-Glo," he delivers the book to his master and together they go back to the office.

"Yes," says Mr. Sikes, a business man of Jefferson, Ohio, "Glo-Glo is my bank messenger every day. He never loses anything and will never give up his book to anyone but Bernie."

—Elizabeth S. Ullery



Strange Bed

THIS happened in an Illinois coffin factory. The shop pet cat was due to have kittens, so the workers prepared a small box for the event. Came the dawn and the mother cat was found in one of the satin lined coffins with one newly born kitten. She was quickly transferred to the box with the hope that the coffin lining could be saved. But the mother cat had other ideas. She carried her kitten back into the coffin, and before long another one joined it there. The workers gave up in despair, tore the soiled lining from the coffin, and put it in the box. The mother cat was satisfied and bore the rest of her family there.

—Sallie Bristow

Cheerful Crickets

*Along the hedge these wee musicians tune
Their throbbing music in the sunny noon.*

*A prelude to that moonlight serenade
When all the night with chirping shrill is made.*

*A cheerful melody too early lost,
This summer symphony that ends with frost.*

—May Allread Baker

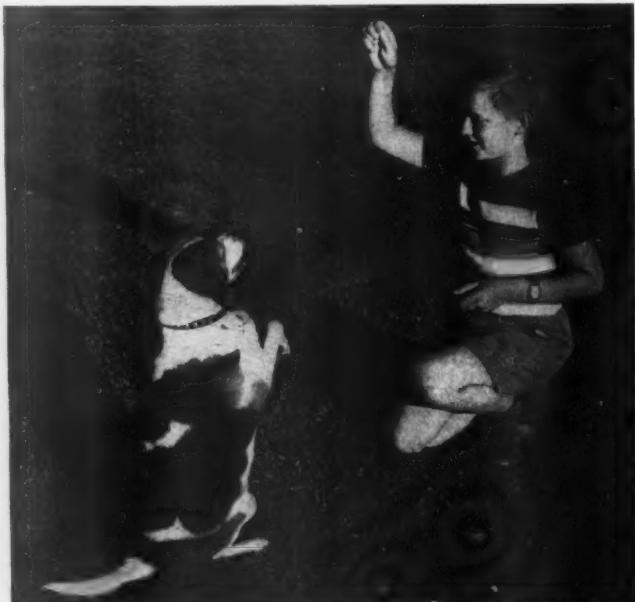
Naming a Dog

EVERY boy should have a dog, for a dog will teach him things that a school teacher may overlook. But what kind of name should a boy's dog bear? A list of entries on the winners at a bench show is a depressing thing to read. Here is Boggin' "Springtime Dew Drop II," the Waldhurst Kennels' "Tin Peddler," Finnegan's "Connemara Kid," and Grimes' "Rutabaga Roughhouse," and hundreds of others like them, names that belong to dogs of noble pedigree and notable parents, but not to boys' dogs. What right-minded boy who wants a dog for a companion would think of calling him "Yadkin's Yolloper III," or "Doolittle's Daredevil Demon"?

No, a boy's dog may be of as proud a lineage as you please, but both dog and boy should forget it as soon as possible and seek a name that, instead of flaunting aristocracy, will make the relation between them human rather than commercial. What does a real boy care about records of the stud book?

The canine gravestones of memory are rich with the names and virtues of Pontos, Rovers, Neptunes, Neros, Sheps, Spots, Lions and spider-legged Fidoes. Those are proper names for boys' dogs, for in use most of them are shortened to monosyllables, like the answering thump of a dog's tail on the floor; and no boy is going to waste time on a polysyllabic name to call a friend that he needs so often as a dog, when a word of one syllable will do as well.

—H. E. Zimmerman



Black Star Photo
What better name than "Spike," for this boy's pet?

IT IS all too true that members of the feminine sex are prone to change their minds, and it seems that this habit is not confined solely to ladies of the human family. Dogs, too, sometimes reverse their opinions.

Especially is this true of "Playmate," medium sized police dog, of Kingston, N. Y. Six years ago she positively refused to let Postman Charlie Kelse into her yard — not even to deliver a single letter.

Then, all at once, Playmate seemed to change her mind. And now she gets up bright and early every morning, trots more than a mile to meet the mailman, greets him in her own friendly fashion and then accompanies him while he delivers the mail.

Now it's just like clockwork. Passengers of the city bus have come to expect that when the vehicle approaches Spring street, they will see Playmate waiting for Postman Kelse. People smile appreciatively when they see the faithful dog, but they certainly would be surprised if they knew about the enmity evinced by Playmate when she and the mail carrier were first introduced.

The dog's ability to know somehow just when the bus is due is uncanny. She seldom misses, although there have been several mornings when she didn't arrive on time. But even at those times she met Mr. Kelse somewhere along his route. The dog's friend defends her stoutly at these times. "Must have been held up by a late breakfast," he remarked.

When the morning route is finished the two separate, each going home for lunch, but Playmate is back on the job promptly, meeting the carrier at various points along the way.

Naturally, although being only an unofficial member of the Post Office Department, the dog never allows the weather to be any obstacle in her self-appointed task. Good weather or bad weather, she's right on the job. Even the severe blizzards of winter that swoop down from the Catskill Mountains are no deterrent. As a matter of fact, Playmate seems to take particular delight in running ahead to break a path for her friend where the snow is deep.

Oddly enough, perhaps, the dog never enters a yard. When the postman goes up to a house to deliver the mail, she waits patiently on the sidewalk until he returns. That she doesn't go into the yards is queer because Playmate loves all children and will sit quietly while they maul her — and as for grown people, a little petting and she's their friend for life.

Mr. Kelse says that Playmate has only one or two faults. She hates cats but when one appears all the postman has to do is speak to her and she stays right at his heels.

Another fault is that she is jealous. All she seems to want is Mr. Kelse's entire attention and she growls ominously if he so much as looks at another dog. Now and then a small terrier and a little brown mongrel try to trail along, but Playmate chases them away every time they appear.

According to the *Kingston Daily Freeman* which carried a story about the two friends, the dog is really smart. But she hasn't learned that there's no mail delivery on Sundays. She reports at the corner and waits until after 9 o'clock.

Evidently the dog had been tied up several times, but she got loose somehow and looked for the postman at the downtown post office. Employees at that station said that she took a snooze near the door, while she waited.

Once Playmate missed Mr. Kelse for the afternoon delivery. As he boarded the bus he wondered what had happened, but upon alighting from the vehicle at the central post office he met her face to face. She was there waiting.

One day, the carrier took her home to lunch. "She had a wonderful time," he said. "Then we started on the afternoon trip and she trailed right along, as usual, leaving when we reached Catherine street."

If, by chance, a substitute mailman takes over the route and he fails to respond to Playmate's enthusiastic greeting, she ambles off, and he's left to walk alone. All of which he undoubtedly deserves for scorning the advances of a real lady.

"Playmate"

Changed

Her Mind



"Playmate" seems totally uninterested in the photographer. All she wants is to have him go away and leave her with her pal, Postman Kelse.



"Firefly"

By CARSTEN AHRENS

*Do you know God scattered sparks
Just to light home weary larks,
Who had flown too far and high
Praising Him throughout the sky?*

*To these bits of gleaming light,
(That burn best in darkest night)
He gave wings. Now flight they try,
While we whisper, "Firefly!"*

They Weren't on a Diet!

JINX" and "Specks," two Dalmatian dogs, worked out a system—and a very, very good one, too—when it came to food and getting a double serving of courses. The system worked like a charm, practically foolproof, for several months.

Owned by Kenneth Hardwicke of 101 Manor Drive, Piedmont, California, the two dogs had demanded "out" each night as soon as they had eaten their dinners, and then raced away. Almost nightly, promptly at 6 p. m., and licking their respective chops expectantly, they appeared at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Mark Pyne of 115 Monticello Avenue.

The Pynes, puzzled but pleased, and being dog-lovers, fed their visitors and allowed them to stretch out in front of the fireplace until bed-time. They even renamed the dogs "Maggie" and "Jiggs."

A nice, cozy friendship developed and flourished, with everyone concerned rather puzzled about the whole affair—excepting, of course, the two main characters—until some of the interested parties indulged in a little detective work and the dogs' intrigue was exposed.

With the result, no doubt, of a cut in two wise dogs' dinner rations.

—Ada M. Morgan

Field Mouse Legend

ONCE the field mouse was the largest of all animals, larger even than the buffalo. Now in that day the animals were angry because every night the sun hid himself below the horizon, so they held a meeting to see what could be done about it. After long powwow they decided on a plan. They wove a great net and sent the birds to place it in the tall trees at the west so that the sun would be caught in it and unable to go below the horizon.

The hour of sunset drew near, and the animals watched as the sun went down, down, and finally was tangled in the net. They started to rejoice, but the sun was very angry, and the angrier he grew the redder the sky became about him, and the greater the heat he sent forth. The trees began to catch fire, and as the fire spread through the forest the animals ran for safety; the big animals ran, the birds flew, and the snakes writhed their way out of the forest. But still the heat of the fire followed them, and the prairie grass began to burn. Then the animals held another powwow and decided that someone must go to cut the net that entangled the sun. But who should go? The buffalo refused, and the birds who had placed the net refused. Finally the animals said that the field mouse was the largest of all animals and ought to be the bravest, so they sent him.

The field mouse started. It was hot in the forest. It was hotter still when he came to the trees where the net was. But he climbed the trees and chewed away the net, and finally the sun sank and the red and angry sky faded to pale blue. But the field mouse had melted in that heat until he is now the smallest of all animals.

—Harriet W. Marr

"It's All in Knowing How"

WHEN his "sweet tooth" hankers for a bit of attention, "Big Shot," a water spaniel, ambles into the bus terminal in his home town, Harris, Illinois and goes directly to the candy counter where he politely awaits his turn, and then woofingly demands a bar of his favorite candy.

Usually the attendant, Jimmy Bailie, makes him feel very important by asking what he wishes and the answer is unmistakably the same each time.

"Woof," with an air of "knowing it all" attached.

"Well then, sneeze," is Bailie's demand, and Big Shot obligingly makes an impressionable sneeze, then waits until the clerk makes a selection from the counter.

He places the wrapped candy bar in the red dog's mouth.

Unable to speak with his mouth full, Big Shot gives a reasonable facsimile of a "thank you and charge it" without speaking look with his eyes, walks through the door, holding the candy gently, across the street and into his master's floral shop where he patiently waits for the Ervins, his owners, to unwrap it for him. The candy bar never has a tooth mark on it.

Fred Ervin, his master, always takes care of the "charges" promptly at the candy counter as well as the accounts Big Shot carries with Nick's Cafe where he satisfies a taste for doughnuts and at the D. & R. Shop where he purchases "on the cuff," the meat he desires.

Big Shot's accomplishments of shopping and establishing good accounts on the books of the merchants does not end there. He is an excellent retriever of his master's pet pigeons and has never harmed a bird.

—K. J. Repsold

Odd • Facts • in • Rime

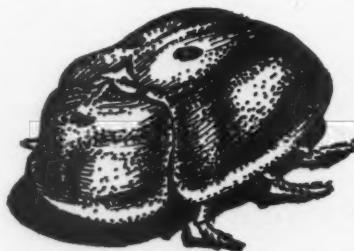
By CARROLL VAN COURT

Sketch by Bill Sagermann

The Famous Gold Bug (Of the Chrysomelidae Family)

*This noted little beetle is
A very pretty thing;
His colors are quite lovely,
On his back and on his wing.*

*In case you do not know him,
To the library, then go;
You can't know literature without
Our Edgar Allan Poe!*



Foul Play After Dark

By FAITH ROBSON

"DID I DO SOMETHING WRONG?"

NIIGHT was lowering its curtain all over the city, and here and there like votive lamps the lights glowed into being, and the backdrop of the sky resembled the stage in a darkened theatre.

Here at Winkler's, the corner drug-store, the clerks had gone home and only the proprietor had stayed to finish the day's accounts, compound the last prescriptions, and douse the lights.

Quiet pervaded the pharmacy. The little creakings that even silence cannot hush, the rustling of papers, a desultory whistling-through-his-teeth of the druggist, were the only sounds.

The druggist worked on, lost completely in his concentration.

Then — imperceptibly at first, growing ever louder, came a THUMP! THUMP! THUMP! and now the pharmacist heard it too. His fingers stopped voluntarily, his head snapped to a listening position, he held his breath and his hackles rose. All was still. He shook himself and returned to his work. A minute passed; two. Hark, there it was again—louder now—nearer: THUMP! THUMP!

Someone was trying to get into the



Photo, H. W. Osbahr

back room! There had been accounts in the papers about narcotic thefts from physician's cars—why not drugstores?

With sudden decision, he took up the phone and dialed a number: "Police? There's someone trying to break into Winkler's Pharmacy. Will you send help right away? Thanks."

He hung up, and went to the front of the store to stare out into the night. Behind him he could hear an occasional bump. He thought intruders generally came armed. He had no intention of being jumped from behind as he fumbled for the light chain. The earsplitting screeching of the police siren shattered his thoughts. He met the officer-in-charge as the cars slid to the curb: "He's in the back room; I'm sure of it; if he hasn't gone upstairs," he whispered.

The chief nodded, ordered his men—

there were five of them—to fan out and approach the building carefully, guns cocked. He himself stalked cautiously through the store to the back room. He flashed his light, shouting: "Hands up! It's the law."

The culprit cowered on the top step of the open stairway. He blinked and said nothing. Then he reached out and batted a ball on the lower tread, with a long hairy paw. THUMP! THUMP! THUMP! The ball bounced down and the big tiger tomcat bounced after.

The policeman raised an eyebrow at the druggist, who grinned sheepishly. The marauder was apprehended and the case was closed. And the cat—why, he followed them to the door of the back room, peered around it and up at them as if to say, "Did I do something wrong?"

Quick Recovery of "Skipper" By IDA M. FORREST

I know by the rug
In a skidded heap,

I know by one-eyed
Watchful sleep,

I know by a wagging
Stubby tail,

That my careful nursing
Could not fail.

I know much better
Than words can tell,

Once more my Skipper
Is happy and well.



ANIMAL

Pictures

Tell a Real Story

BANQUET FOR CHIPPIE
Photo by A. S. Landry



DINNER TIME

Photo by A. G. Henderson

WINNING CONTESTANTS

*First Prize—\$25—Keith W. Jones, Villa Park, Ill.

Second Prize—\$15—Georgia Engelhard, New York, N. Y.

Third Prize—\$5—Don A. Navo, Philadelphia, Pa.

Three Dollars Each

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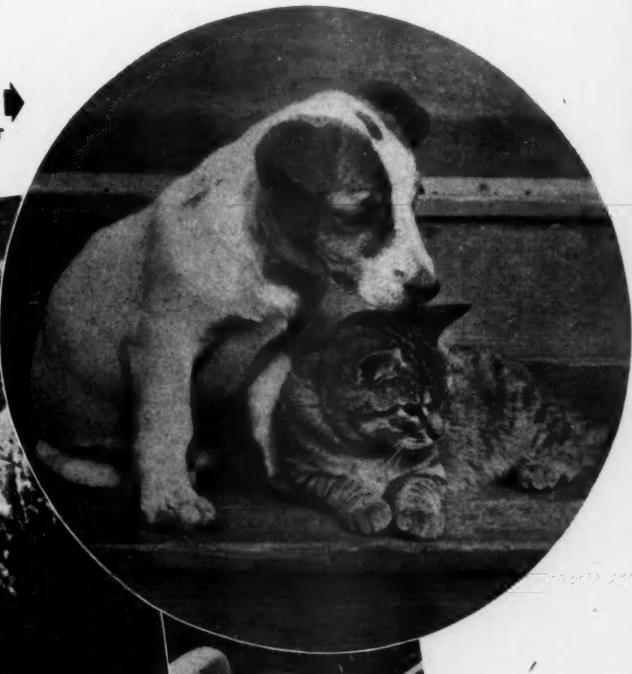
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*See cover for first prize winning photo.

GOOD COMPANIONS

Photo by Mrs. Helen Nestler



PEEKABOO

Photo by Charlotte Estey



MATERNAL PRIDE

Photo by Anne Prime



"OPEN THE DOOR, RICHARD!"

Photo by Harry Yudelson

Profitable Poodle

IT IS not very often that our animal friends "pay off in cash money," but this is the true story of a poodle dog that did just that very thing.

When we were visiting in Scotland some time ago and were walking along the breakwater of the little seaside port of Granton, near Edinburgh, my friend felt something rub against his feet.

Looking down he saw a shaggy, dirty little poodle dog that had apparently covered his shoes with mud. The dog disappeared and my friend went to a bootblack's stand not far off and had his shoes cleaned.

After a few days we were again walking on the breakwater when the same thing happened. My friend pondered over the odd situation. Then we watched the dog for awhile and saw him deliberately rub himself against the feet of several gentlemen till he had got all the mud off his shaggy coat. Then he ran down the side of the breakwater and proceeded to roll himself in the mud near the water. When his fur was sufficiently soiled with a fresh supply of mud he climbed up the rocks again and went on with the soiling of shoes of the passers-by.

After a while instead of going down to the mud again he trotted to the end of the breakwater to where the Scotch bootblack was industriously plying his trade. We were surprised to see the man pet the dog and give him a bit of meat to chew. The fact of the matter was that the little poodle dog had been trained to soil people's boots in order to make more business for his master.

—Athalie Douglas

Pilfering Tom

FOR some time small change had been missing from the grocer's cash register, causing considerable misgiving among the clerks. Then, one day, most unexpectedly the delivery boy from the meat market next door came in and putting some money on the counter said, "Here is the cat's change."

The boy was asked to explain.

"Why," he replied, "your cat comes in to the meat market every day with a nickel or a dime and we give him a piece of meat. Today he had fifty cents and the Boss thought fifty cents worth of meat would be too much at one time. So, that's the cat's change."

Although closely watched, the cat was later seen opening the cash drawer, helping himself and making for the butcher shop. No one knew exactly how much had been taken; but, when the townspeople heard of it, business improved. In fact, customers came from all over the city hoping to see the Tom pilfering the cash drawer.

—Marie X. Long



"Water, water everywhere"—but not a drop for seals.

Animals That Don't Drink

By JOHN H. SPICER

MANY desert animals don't drink, not only because the water is hard to find but because they don't have to. Where we would be parched with thirst in a few hours, they can go for years without a drink and actually don't seem to care whether they ever see water or not. This remarkable ability makes it possible for many animals to live and thrive in some of the most arid regions of the world. As long as they can find food, they can get along without a drink.

Thus, there are deserts in parts of Lower California that never see a drop of rain for three to five years at a time. Yet in these same areas such desert animals as wood rats and white-footed mice are quite numerous and get along without suffering. Other desert regions in the southwestern states and nearby parts of Mexico are also inhabited by kangaroo rats, pocket mice and similar creatures who manage to get along quite comfortably without water. Otherwise they couldn't possibly exist in such dry regions. Pocket mice from southern California have been fed on dried seeds for months at a time without showing any ill effects or getting thirsty enough to

take a drink. In the East African deserts at the other side of the world, there is a small gazelle that has never been seen to drink water.

Just how they were seemingly able to get along without water was a considerable puzzle to naturalists as every creature must have some liquid in its body to keep going. It is now known that Nature has given these desert creatures the power to make their own water. In the process of digestion some of the starchy parts of their food is changed to water.

Another group of creatures that never drink, but are able to produce their own water from the digestion of their food are the seals. It is equally necessary in their case for, although they are not living in a desert, they might just as well be. As any shipwrecked sailor can tell you, fresh drinking water is just as scarce out on the salty sea as it is in the middle of the world's driest desert. Seals are not fish but instead are fur-bearing animals closely related to some of the four-footed creatures on land and, like them, have to have so much fresh water.

Monkey Business

SIX months ago a British cargo ship, after discharging meat at Mindinao, sailed for Australia. At the Philippines, however, the seamen had taken two monkeys aboard as mascots.

The pets enjoyed the freedom of the ship, dashing from one end to the other, chasing up and down masts, and having a wild time.

Nearing the Torres Straits and fearing quarantine on account of the monkeys, the Captain ordered the crew to get rid of them—at the same time handing them a bottle of chloroform.

These men, supposedly a hard-boiled lot picked from the low dives of the water-front, stood aghast at the idea, and plainly showed they didn't like it.

However, orders were orders—and from that time on the men spent every spare moment in building a huge raft with receptacles for plenty of water and food. Every thought for comfort and escape from the dangers of the shark-infested waters was given that they could think of. They even went so far as to seek the advice of the officers concerning the currents when passing through the Torres Strait so that they might set the raft adrift at the exact time and place to warrant safe beaching.

At the proper time enough chloroform was administered to put the monkeys to sleep until the raft was clear of the ship. Figured to a point where it might be a matter of a few hundred feet to the coast of Queensland—a place uninhabited by white men where their pets might continue a happy existence, these men proved once again that beneath a rough exterior beats many a heart of gold.

—F. J. Worrall



Robin in the Choir

AN English robin has joined the choir of St. John's Church, Glastonbury, England. People knew that he had built a nest somewhere in the roof of the church, but they were genuinely astonished when one evening last summer, as the violins began to play the opening notes of the *Messiah*, the bird began to sing. With only a few breaks for rest he continued to sing beautifully during the whole of the entertainment.

That was the second grand sacred concert the robin had graced with his presence and song. Recently he sang constantly through the rendition of Stainer's "Crucifixion," and seemed to enjoy helping. The notes of the bird could be heard above the music, and made it sound almost common and heavy by contrast.

—H. E. Zimmerman

September 1947

High Living Yak

By H. C. LAKE

THERE are some animals in the world which not only believe in high living, but they practice it.

The best example of animal life found as high as twenty thousand feet above sea level is the yak. There are only a few other animals which can exist at this high altitude, e. g. the snow leopard, the ibex (now approaching extinction), occasional wolves and foxes, and a few rodents such as some distinctive hares and mice.

The yak, a native of Tibet, ranges from an altitude of ten thousand feet in winter to twenty thousand feet in summer. It is well adapted to withstand the cold to which it is subjected and few other animals could exist on the stunted vegetation upon which it feeds. It is usually black in color and its body is covered with long stringy hairs which furnish a thick coating and sometimes reach to the ground. Its tail is wide, generally black and white, with flowing hair. The head and horns remind us of the cow but it also resembles the buffalo since the withers are higher than the haunches.

Many of these animals have been domesticated and are of great usefulness to the Tibetans. There are no railroads in Western Tibet so the yaks furnish their principal means of transportation. They can carry a heavy load and stand the hardships of travel in the

high altitudes of the Himalayas better than other animals. They move slowly but are sure-footed and afford safety in the treacherous mountain passes.

They also furnish the inhabitants with food. The flesh is good to eat and the milk is rich and can be made into excellent butter which in that climate keeps for a long time. The yak requires little care, no stable, and roams at will for food. It responds quickly, however, to the call of its master or the milkmaid.

The hair of the yak is made by the Tibetans into a number of useful things such as rope, cloth, and tent coverings. Caps, cloaks and blankets are made from the hide.

This animal somewhat resembles the ox, although it is not so tall and is more stoutly built. There is a hump on its shoulders which consists of a bunch of soft, fine fur. It has a shaggy coat of black; the hair of which hangs like a thick tassel, and its horns are large, black and massive.

These animals often weight more than twelve hundred pounds. Their main food is dry, coarse grass, a food on which possibly no other animal could long exist. Here is a very useful animal that costs its owner nothing at all to feed.

It is difficult to see how the Tibetans could get along without the sky, docile yak which, however, is accustomed to high living.



Two Tibetan youngsters take a ride on a yak in the Chumbi Valley.



Tiny Baby Rabbit is Found

A TINY baby rabbit, so small that it was put to bed in a match box was brought into the Springfield S.P.C.A. a short time ago.

Georgie Cooley, seven years old, of Narragansett St., found the rabbit one day in a lot on Chapin Terrace. The animal had probably been abandoned by its mother, as it was alone when Georgie picked it up. It was hopping around

full of life, but was only the size of an index finger, and was not due to open its eyes for at least eight days. Georgie first took the rabbit to Dr. F. A. Teta, a neighbor, but later it was taken to the Springfield Branch of the Angell Animal Hospital, and turned over to the tender care of Miss Jane Kingsbury, staff member, who is shown in the picture feeding it through a medicine dropper.

3

Neglected Horses

A COMPLAINT was received by the Massachusetts S.P.C.A. that an old horse was not receiving proper food or care. One of our officers investigating, found a white horse, 20 years old, in very poor condition, and there was very little hay or grain on hand. The owner of the horse was an aged man, who was really not responsible for his actions. He was found to be on old age assistance and did not have sufficient money to buy feed for the horse. There was only enough hay and grain in the barn for four or five days, so, with the consent of the owner, the horse was removed and put to sleep.

In another instance a black gelding which was sick was brought to the attention of the Society. When the officer examined the horse he found that it had not been given any treatment, although it was suffering. A veterinarian was called and the horse was put in his care.

The owner was warned not to neglect his animals in the future.

Society and

Springfield Area

Wild Dog Trapped

THE Springfield Branch of the Massachusetts S.P.C.A. was appealed to in regard to disposing of a pack of wild dogs which had been preying on livestock in the Sixteen Acres and Parker St. sections. Irate farmers who had lost stock talked of shooting and poisoning the dogs, but officers of our Society explained that if it was necessary to dispose of the dogs, the much more humane way to accomplish this would be by means of traps which would take them alive and unharmed, when they might later be disposed of painlessly.

Traps were, therefore, set in places frequented by the dogs, and the picture below shows Paul Furey, S.P.C.A. attendant, with a wild dog which was caught in one of the humane traps.



Dog caught in humane trap, member of wild dog pack.

Service News

Boston Area

Dog Saves Family

PAL," nine-year-old cocker spaniel, was presented with a bronze medal and a large, juicy bone by the Massachusetts S.P.C.A., for having three times saved the lives of the family who took him in as a stray some years ago. The persistent barking of the dog recently aroused the family of Police Inspector John Dillaway, of Somerville, who found that a fire was racing through the house. The spaniel thus saved not only the lives or his own family, but also the other occupants of the house. Twice before Pal barked so loudly that he gave warning when leaking gas threatened the family as they slept.

Miss Mary Choate, Society Staff member, made the presentation, but Pal was more interested in the bone than the medal.



Rewarded for Rescuing Puppy

DR. Francis H. Rowley, Chairman of the Board of Directors of the Massachusetts S.P.C.A., recently presented medals to Alfred Notarangeli, Ross Hillson, Jr., William Plummer and Arthur Plummer, all of Bennett Street, South Medford, for their prompt and humane action in saving a three-months-old cocker spaniel from drowning in the

Mystic River, Medford. It seems that as they were strolling by the river, they noticed a man jump from a car by the Bridge, throw a burlap bag into the river, and quickly sped away. The boys, becoming curious, investigated and saw the head of a small puppy protruding from the bag. They immediately went into the water, rescued the dog and carried him home. The puppy recovered.



(Left to Right) Shirley Dillaway, "Pal," John Dillaway, and Miss Mary Choate.

September 1947

Warning to Dog Owners

DR. Erwin F. Schroeder, Chief of Staff of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, at this time urges all dog owners to exert greater caution in caring for their pets.

At our Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, Dr. Schroeder says, the number of accident cases brought in daily has actually doubled. He believes that if all owners of dogs would keep their pets on a leash, instead of allowing them to run loose, especially where traffic is heavy, these accidents would be materially lessened, thereby eliminating needless suffering among the animals.

Dr. Schroeder further advises that if accidents do occur, owners should lose no time in taking their pets to the nearest veterinarian for treatment, because no matter how minor the injury appears to be, many serious internal complications might ensue if prompt attention is not given.

It is also urged that motorists watch out, and drive more carefully in congested areas.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

By Boys and Girls

NOW we want you to write for us. If you are fifteen years old or under and have written or want to write a poem or story about animals, you are eligible to compete for a place on this page. Each piece must be very short, and, of course, your very own composition. Each contribution must be accompanied by a note from your teacher stating that the writing is original with you. Also, if you have a picture of yourself and your pet, send that, too. Of course, we cannot promise to print everything received, but the judges will pick out the ones they think the best.

All letters should be addressed to Boys and Girls Editor, OUR DUMB ANIMALS, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass. We cannot return or acknowledge unused contributions, but we shall do our best to print the best stories, poems and pictures received.

Following are a few samples of stories and verse written by children. Can you do better than these boys and girls? Try it.



My Cat "Blackie"

By Richard Eastman

MY cat, "Blackie," has a peculiar habit of putting his paw in his milk and then licking it from his paw instead of lapping it right from the dish. And another thing he does is to rub his face against my dad's chin and purr, when he will not do that to the rest of the members of the family. The reason for that is, as my dad says, he understands my dad loves him and my dad does because he does love cats and he has had a few faithful cats when he was young, and as for that, our whole family loves animals.

When we were on a motor trip last summer we stopped to help a man fix his tire and there was a big pasture near the road. There were two horses in the pasture and while dad was helping the man, my mother and three little sisters and I went over and fed the horses cookies and apples, and I seemed to make quite a hit with the horses, as I love horses anyway. And when we left one of the horses followed us along the fence wanting more cookies, and I might add that the cookies were ginger snaps.

"Major"

By Shirley Dana (Age 13)

MAJOR" is Mr. Mackintosh's horse. He is a chestnut gelding, 15 hands, two inches. He is a very intelligent horse and is beautiful. I ride him most every day. Major is six years old. He is a very inquisitive animal and when I start out to go anywhere it takes a long time because Major has to stop and look at everything. He is a wonderful horse and I enjoy riding him very much.

My Pet

By Mary Lou Dixon (Age 7½)

IHAVE a dog named "Laddie." The color of him is white. He is a funny little dog and so chummy. He hides when it is time for his bath but looks very beautiful when he gets finished. I love him very much. He plays with our cat, "Penny."

"Little Sir Skippy"

By Rosemarie Lee

SIR Skippy" is my canary. He is a German Roller and has traveled in many states. Skippy was born in Connecticut, later moving to Providence, Rhode Island. At the present time he is residing in Methuen, Massachusetts. Also the little bird stayed in Lawrence for a time. He is four years old.

In his short life Skippy has learned many tricks, such as eating out of my mouth and sitting on my shoulder.

I have another yellow canary called "Lady Buttercup." The two look very nice sitting together.

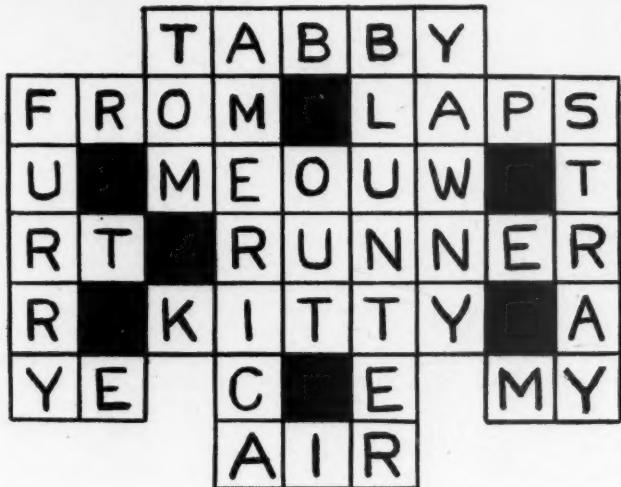
I love all animals and if everyone would do the same I think that we could be very much happier.

"Smoogy"

By Billy Waite (Age 11)

SMOOGY" is our little black cat. We called him Smoogy because he was so black. For dinner and lunch and breakfast he will eat anything off your plate. He used to be a neighbor's cat, but she gave him to us. He is purring all of the time and he will lick you all over. He is a very nice cat.

CHILDREN'S PAGE



Answer to Kitty-Cat Crosswords,
Which Appeared in August.

My Dog

By PAUL D. WEAVER

HE'S just a dumb animal, some folks think,
They even say so, too.
When they use the term, I smile and wink,
For I know it isn't true.
For when I'm blue, he looks so sad,
And seems to understand.
And when I'm happy then he's glad,
As if to say, "How grand!"
He sits and begs, with pleading look,
When suppertime rolls 'round.
Who can resist this charming crook,
With his sorrowful eyes and frown.
Crook, I say, for from the start,
Although they're not aware,
He seems to steal each person's heart
Before they know he's there.
He uses his psychology on everyone he knows,
From garbage man to king,
It seems he's always on his toes,
In almost everything.
And so I raise an eyebrow,
And calmly ask, "How Come?"
That people still say even now,
That animals are dumb.

September 1947

Tip-Top Game

(Two or more players)

CUT a circle from cardboard and put the letters of the alphabet around the edge. Push a pencil through the center. Sit in a circle around a table or on the floor. Spin this top. The spinner names an animal or any living thing, except a plant, which begins with the letter that touches the table when the top stops. The player at the left has the next turn. The winner is the one who misses a word the least number of times.



Help Poor Pussy

(Game)

THE children, except two, hold hands to form a circle. The other two are a cat and a dog, one inside and one outside the circle. When the dog tries to get the cat, the children hold hands tightly to prevent his getting to her. When he gets through they open the circle to let her escape.

When he touches her, she becomes the new dog and calls on someone to step to the other side of the circle and become the new cat.

—Marianne Ketchum



Photo by Myron Hall

Vacation is over! "Sorry, 'Rusty,' you can't go this time, but I will come for you as soon as school is out."

Wildcat of the North

By W. J. BANKS

WE have coined the phrase "lynx-eyed" to describe humans whose optics are usually slightly squinting and close-set. Perhaps, in attributing such characteristics to the Canada lynx, wildcat of the North, we are not entirely fair. This fine specimen, at least, is almost benign in appearance. Except for the characteristic neck-ruff, more exaggerated than that of a house cat, and the ear-tufts which add to his jaunty air, he might almost pass for our own back yard tabby! Like the domestic cat, too, the lynx meows when lonely, growls and spits when at bay. But his voice is somewhat magnified in keeping with his size, which may reach thirty-nine inches in length and twenty-five or thirty pounds in weight. The record is forty-four pounds.

From Alaska and the Canadian Arctic the lynx ranges as far south as the northern Sierras, Colorado and Pennsylvania, though in eastern states and parts of southern Canada he has been almost eliminated by constant trapping. A true forest animal, he seldom leaves the deep woods and the destruction of the forests spells his doom in any area. Folk who have lived for years in lynx country may never see one, so stealthily does he move about by night on broad, furry feet. These act as snowshoes which carry him across the surface of the deep snow when both his victims and his potential enemies flounder about helplessly. He is slow, however, on open ground, where any dog could overtake him.

The rabbit is the unhappy provider of the lynx's favorite dinner, and whenever possible the big cat will avoid the haunts



Surveying his domain.

of man and his animal servants. Thus, he can hardly be called an enemy of our race. Some northern guides declare the lynx to be monogamous, though the male assumes no family responsibility. The kittens, from one to five in a litter, are born in the spring; their eyes are open, or partly so, at birth, and within a few hours they stand on sturdy legs. Close relatives of the Canada lynx live in northern Europe and Asia.

Philippine Band of Mercy

A REPORT recently received from Irving Hart, of Manila, states that they are hard at work planning and arranging for a very active Band of Mercy in the Philippines, and they expect to have the Constitution and By-Laws drawn up by the end of the month. In the meantime, they have elected officers as follows: Mr. Enrique Lolarga, President; Attorney Alva J. Hill, Vice President; Dr. Jose P. Bantug, second Vice President; Rafeal S. Dedal, Secretary; with Irving Hart as National Field Executive. Mr. Arsenio Tenmatay was selected as Chairman of the Executive Board, and he, with a committee of three, will select fifteen others to serve as directors.

The Bureau of Health and Public Welfare is taking a deep interest in the Philippine Band of Mercy, and Mr. Hart states that there are thousands upon thousands of unfortunate children, many of them cripples, orphans, or otherwise in need of help, whom the Band hopes to assist. Already more than a dozen children have been hospitalized and others are awaiting entry.



Mules for America

GEORGE WASHINGTON owned the first mules brought to the Colonies—and the first mule colt born in America.

The General's first mules were a pair which arrived at his farm in October, 1785, as a gift from the Spanish king.

—Ida M. Pardue

Puppy Love By LEONORA McNEILLY

GREATER love has no dog than this," began the R.A.F.-er, narrating his experience with a collie he met at the home of a friend in Scotland where he was a guest.

"The minute the collie and I set eyes on each other we knew it was a genuine case of love at first sight. And it was not long before my host knew it too. Feeling at long last that it was a pity to spoil two houses with us, he made me a present of the collie when I was leaving.

"I lugged him home to my London apartment where we lived in perfect bliss. There was absolutely nothing to mar the prospects of our living happily ever after until one night he failed to come home. I hadn't had the slightest inkling that anyone had alienated his

affections. I couldn't understand his giving me the brush-off, since daily, hourly, momentarily, he had claimed undying affection for me. And so I hugged my grief and walked the floor in the wee sma' hours of the morning, watching and mourning, mourning and watching.

"Dawn was just commencing to break when I was startled by strange sounds in the street below. Grabbing my dressing gown, I dashed down the stairs.

"Here was my collie, sitting on the doorstep, dewy-eyed and tender, 100 bleating sheep behind him. He looked up at me and then around at these "lawnmowers" of Hyde Park. He had purloined and shepherded them ten long blocks through London's most congested area to lay on the altar of his love.

"Can you beat it?"

OVER THE AIR

For those who like stories and facts about our animal friends, our Society sponsors four distinct radio programs.

In Boston and Springfield, "Animals in the News" is broadcast by William A. Swallow each Saturday, at 1:00 P.M., over WBZ and WBZA—1030 on your dial.

In Boston, "Animal Club of the Air" is presented by Albert A. Pollard each Saturday, at 10:30 A.M., over WMEX—1510 on your dial.

In Boston, "Animaland" is presented by Miss Margaret J. Kearns each Sunday, at 9:35 A.M., over WHDH—850 on your dial.

In Springfield, "S. P. C. A. Time" is broadcast by Charlena Kibbe each Tuesday, at 2:15 P.M., over WSPR—1270 on your dial.

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In making your will kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequests especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, should, nevertheless, be made to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital," as the Hospital is not incorporated but is the property of that Society and is conducted by it.

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AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY

180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass.

Since 1832
J. S. WATERMAN & SONS, Inc.
Funeral Service
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**THIS SPACE
CONTRIBUTED**

The Greatest Good

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E feel that the greatest good to the greatest number of people is achieved through the distribution of our magazine to public and school libraries throughout the nation.

With that thought in mind, we have set as our goal an increase of one thousand library subscriptions during 1947. To our former appeals, the response has been most gratifying, but we still have far to go. *We really need your help!*

On our lists already are hundreds of libraries to which we send *Our Dumb Animals* free of charge, but we have reached the limit of our resources in this matter.

You, and you alone, can help us to spread kindness throughout the world. What you would be doing is to place the magazine on library tables where thousands of children will see and read it. Librarians assure us that it is read by many of their patrons.

More libraries on our list mean that many, many more people will learn to understand animals and to treat them with more consideration.

Now here is how you can help! Won't you pick out some library, the one in your city or some other with which you are acquainted, or a school library, and donate a subscription? Just send the name and address of the library and the subscription price of \$1.00 to *Our Dumb Animals*, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass. We will do the rest.

Please help us to fulfill our resolution!

